Week ending September 22 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

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THE BERLIN HORROR

See centre pages

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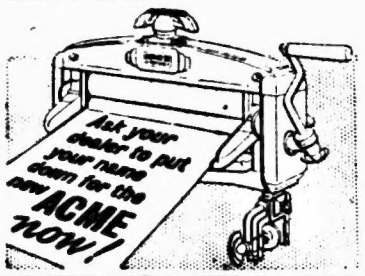
But I do think, too, the war has taught us how to care for clothes and make them last. My bet's an Acme. No hard work for me, and no wash-day wear and tear for my clothes either. Mother's keeping all her curtains and blankets till our dealer tells us our Acme's come, because she knows from experience that only with an Acme will she get that perfect cleanliness and finish she desires. Blankets or my "pretties" —she says they're all one to an Acme!

Mother—and you—won't have much longer to wait now! Any time now your dealer will say, "Good news to-day—your Acme's here." For Acme is switching back to this vital production, and women who have seen—or do see now—about being first on the list will have their own wise selves to thank!



AVOIDING A LONG CONVALESCENCE BY RAISING THE METABOLIC RATE

WHEN you reach the convalescent stage and progress seems at a standstill, you wonder if you will ever get well. That depends largely on your metabolic rate.

The metabolic rate is your "living rate," the rate at which your body burns up energy and replaces that energy by absorbing nourishment from food.

A lowered metabolic rate is one of the after effects of illness. This means that the life processes are functioning too slowly to rebuild the body. To overcome this, you must absorb enough food to supply the needed energy. This is difficult because your appetite is poor when your metabolic rate is low.

To break this vicious circle, doctors prescribe easily digested foods such as broths, soups, and meat extracts. In deciding which preparation to take, it is important to know that *one* meat preparation is outstandingly effective in raising the metabolic rate—Brand's Essence.

Clinical tests, conducted at a famous research institute, have shown that after taking Brand's Essence the metabolic rate is raised with extraordinary quickness and sustained for a quite exceptional length of time.

Once your metabolic rate goes up, your appetite returns, and you can absorb the necessary energy to get back your strength. Even when the very thought of food is distasteful, you find Brand's Essence tempting and easy to take. Price 3/- a bottle.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

Tortured types—No. 5

NO!... he isn't trying to ask the boss for a rise. He merely forgot to look for the "Sanforized" label when he bought his shirt. ("Sanforized" garments never shrink out of fit.) Ask to see this label when *you* buy washable wear: overalls, sports clothes, tub frocks, shirts, pyjamas. It means the fabric *can't* shrink even 1%.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

Sanforized REG'D WILL NOT SHRINK OUT OF FIT

PACKED ONLY IN 12 OZ TINS

There are *no* other sizes. The flavour of 'SPAM' is quite distinctive—it is made from pure pork shoulder-meat, with ham meat added. We are sorry that, at present, supplies are restricted. Look for the name on the tin.

★ 'SPAM' *is a registered Trade Mark, and can be used only in respect of the product of Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota, U.S.A.*

It's CHAMPION'S MALT VINEGAR

It's Best in BOTTLE!

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warming up *then* cooling down

Many chills are caused by children getting hot and sticky rushing about, then cooling off too quickly. Wool underwear is a sure protection which children need *all the year round*. Wool absorbs perspiration naturally without becoming damp, and then allows evaporation to take place so slowly that the body can cool down gradually.

Keep them *well* in **WOOL** underwear

Issued by the International Wool Secretariat.

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It's going to be good..

MARCONIPHONE

the REAL THING in Radio (and To-morrow—in Television)

Without Fear or Favour

NEW DANGER FROM GERMANY

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of children are starving. Some are nice children, some are naughty: none have deserved the swollen knees and stomach, the wasted arms and pinched face, that comes from prolonged hunger.

Eight million people are homeless in one area, alone. The majority are old men, women and children. Many of them will die of exposure this winter.

In all, thirteen millions are suffering from want of food.

They are all Germans.

Expelled Germans thrown into death-trains and transported to Berlin, there to be thrown on to the corpse heaps or into the gutters. And German nomads from the central provinces whose homes have been gutted by war.

On pages 8 and 9 we give a British soldier's report of conditions in Berlin to-day. It is one of the frankest documents we have ever published. It may shock some people and offend others.

Indeed, we hope it does. For the conscience and the common-sense of the world, blunted by the horrors of war, should be stirred by the perils of peace.

THE PERIL TOUCHES US ALL. Hunger breeds disease. The ghastly scourge of typhus is abroad. Dare we believe that the march of infection will be halted by the German coast?

Dare we forget the influenza plague of 1919, which slew more people than the ten million men who died on the battlefield?

Let us put it no higher than our own safety. Let us, if we must, steel our hearts against compassion. We need not argue whether all Germans are war criminals or whether infants should be starved to death because of their nationality.

We can protect our own children by alleviating the misery on the Continent. Sir Arthur Salter gives his expert opinion that American and British Army lorries, properly used, could transport the food reserves available.

They should be used — quickly.

The Editor

Cripps Begins a Revolution

Lord Keynes' Strong Case. Peace Work for the W.V.S. Will Hay's "Menace." Council House Frame-up. Bored in Billets. Atomic Cure for Cancer?

BRITAIN'S PEACEFUL REVOLUTION is under way. The Government's plan for reconstruction of non-nationalised industries is given its first public airing. Cotton is chosen as the experimental industry.

Sir Stafford Cripps has announced the formation of a board of thirteen people. They have the responsibility for modernising the industry. They must improve output and the conditions of the workpeople.

The "thirteen" include representatives of employers, employed, and the Government. It is a new technique of industrial co-operation. Wool, furniture and automobile production may follow.

Headache Era

It is a fascinating experiment, with high possibilities of success. Employers will grumble, and are grumbling, that the scheme reduces "managerial responsibility." Workers' representatives are not certain how the new plan will affect the trade's joint negotiating machinery, fruit of a generation of trade union endeavour.

The Government's attitude has been made quite clear. Those industries not under direct public control will be given the chance of working out their own salvation—as a joint effort.

If they fail, then other drastic steps will have to be taken. The main responsibility is on the employers. They have to grow accustomed to a Britain in which industries are regarded not as personal possessions, but as national assets.

Co-operate—or Else

Sir Stafford makes a broad human appeal to the cotton industry. It was a bold thing to begin this experiment in Lancashire, where personal independence is a faith, and the cotton employer often a self-made man.

The Government is right to be bold. Chances of success with the "co-operative board" scheme might have been better in lesser industries. But cotton is a key industry.

With so much to do in so short a time the Government deliberately embarked upon the big things first. The Federation of British Industries, no less than the Trades Union Congress General Council, will be watching cotton in the next twelve months.

In Bolton, Burnley, Blackburn, Wigan, Leigh—all those sturdy textile towns which know too well the dizziness of the boom and the misery of bleak depression—an essay in the Better Britain will be worked out. We predict the results will justify the Government's faith in its experiment.

World T.U.C.

TRADE UNION HISTORY will be made in Paris next week. On September 25 an international conference of Trade Union leaders opens there. Object—the establishment, for the first time, of a World Federation of Trade Unions.

In London earlier this year T.U. representatives from the united and liberated nations, called together by the initiative of the British T.U.C., drafted out a rough agenda for the Paris Conference.

Sir Walter Citrine will lead Britain's delegation. He will make a supreme effort to secure fuller co-operation between the world's unions.

Is it too much to hope that despite its antipathy to the C.I.O. and to Russia the American Federation of Labour will come into the fold?

HE HITS HARD

PLAINEST speaking at the Foreign Ministers' Conference in London undoubtedly comes from a man who is historian, philosopher, lawyer, statesman, and diplomat rolled into one.

Australia's Rt. Hon. Herbert Vere Evatt, P.C., LL.D., etc. (Dr. Evatt for short), neither minces his words nor garnishes them.

He objects to what he regards as a "kid glove" policy towards Japan. He is insistent that all Japanese war criminals must be prosecuted.

At San Francisco he was the champion of the smaller nations. His hard-hitting brought protests from his own country against "publicly airing disputes with Britain."

Not for nothing is he called "the Cripps of Australia." But his upbringing had little in common with that of Cripps.

He was born in a New South Wales mining town. He attended a State school, then rocketed to academic distinction by scholarships and prizes. At thirty-six he was a High Court judge.

Now fifty-one, he hasn't finished his climb to fame.

Our Case in Washington

LORD KEYNES conceals nothing in his calm presentation of Britain's case. The United States negotiators know where we stand, what we would like, and how we would like it.

The assistance required revolves round £1,000 million. This looks and is gigantic. But there is no dispute that the United States can give this vital help without difficulty.

Our spokesmen can make this claim. From September, 1939, to Pearl Harbour all our breath-taking financial sacrifices, gladly and willingly made, were direct contributions to the United Nations pool. Our financial assets abroad were freely surrendered to the common cause.

Britain was the pioneer partner in a united enterprise. She is entitled to help, needed only because of her preliminary efforts to make that enterprise a success. Reduced to figures, the aid which Britain in justice should receive is placed by few experts, British or American, at less than £975 million.

"MY HUSBAND IS NOW IN GERMANY—

and would hate to miss JOHN BULL," writes Mrs. W. M. Hampton, of Birmingham, in acknowledging cheque from JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance when her home was burgled.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, ETC.

Still to Serve

GOOD NEWS! The W.V.S. is to continue. More, it is to be given fresh, stimulating tasks no less important than its work in war. We welcome this decision. We have vigorously advocated it.

The organisation will be a nation-wide network of voluntary social service. Homes for old people; the organisation of hostels for hospital staffs—all these are listed in the tasks that the W.V.S. is going to tackle.

Herbert Morrison at the Home Office has made a wise decision. He agrees with us that the W.V.S. created services which we shall need for some time to come as much as we did in darker days.

Better Britons

Co-operating with the municipalities, the W.V.S. will play an active part in training and care of mothers. Special centres will be opened to train women in mothercraft before and after childbirth.

There was complaint early on in the war that the W.V.S locally and nationally, was dominated by the Lady Bountiful type. To some extent it was true. It still is in some areas.

But broadly, the W.V.S. gloriously fulfilled its purpose. Younger women, socially conscious and civic minded were attracted to it and found ample scope for their brains and energy.

They will have even greater opportunities in the future.

All in a Fortnight

SAID A YOUNG AND NEW M.P.: "Of course, in that first fortnight of the new Parliament we didn't do anything much except go through the formalities of becoming members."

"You think not?" replied the old hand. "In fact, you may not know it, but you got one Bill through all its stages, and through the First Reading stage of seven others!"

Old hand was right. Before the recess the Local Elections (Service Abroad) Bill, providing for Servicemen taking part in local elections, was passed.

First Stagers

The National Insurance (Industrial Injuries) Bill; Supplies and Services (Transitional Powers); Inshore Fishing Industry; Indian Divorce; Indian Franchise; British Settlements; and Agriculture (Artificial Insemination), all went through the First Reading.

Each Bill vitally affects the lives of thousands—in some cases hundreds of thousands of people at home and in the Empire.

The National Insurance (Industrial

Injuries) Bill, for example, recasts the whole basis of Workmen's Compensation. A good beginning.

Young City Fathers

WE SUPPORT THE DEMAND for immediate release of Servicemen who are local councillors, or who will be local councillors after the November elections.

There are plenty of young Servicemen in Parliament. We are glad of it. There are scarcely any of them on our Councils. We deplore it.

Housing, health, education—more young shoulders should be carrying the load of local administration in these vital matters.

Already Parliamentary support for councillor demobilisation ranges from Communist Willie Gallacher to Conservative Sir Will Y. Darling, ex-Lord Provost of Edinburgh. The matter is one of urgency. The Government should treat it as such.

Hay Fever

SHORTAGE OF GOOD SCRIPT writers is responsible for Schoolmaster Will Hay's vacation from radio. A famous personality in British social and sporting life probably thinks he is responsible! He regards the Hay Academy as a menace, and wrote to an M.P. saying so:

"The Hay programme, bringing education into contempt and ridiculing the acquirement of knowledge, is disgraceful and should not be permitted," fumed his letter. The M.P. sought Will's observations on this odd protest.

Hay said he was sorry he did not please so well known a listener, but politely hinted that the complainant's sense of humour seemed to have died with the years. We agree.

Monkey Business

NEVER A DULL MOMENT at the B.B.C. The series of talks to schools on "How Things Began" is scheduled to reappear in the autumn programme. Once again, the anti-evolutionists, who saw in the last series a blow at the literal interpretation of Genesis, have leapt into battle.

Foremost in the fray is Mr. Edwin Willie of Cardiff, who roundly asserts that Germany went to the dogs by "adopting unproven modernistic views and monkey theology."

Mr. Willie has written to every M.P. appealing for action to stop the series. More, he asks them to sign a statement of their belief in Genesis, or, alternatively, to honestly declare, "I reject the Bible Records as to Man's Origin, and accept the Ape as one of my Ancestors."

Unfortunately the Ape's views on this question are not available.

It's a Waste

A LONDON FIRM is complaining to the Ministry of War Transport (and to us) about railway goods traffic. Formerly it received all its glassware—medical bottles, chiefly—by road; goods would leave Yorkshire one day and be delivered in London on the next—invariably with no breakages. Since war began, such goods had to be sent by rail. Result: weeks of delay and a breakage rate of 25 per cent.

It seems a waste of labour and material to produce goods just for the railways to break. And it seems a good argument for allowing fragile loads to be taken by road again.

Nice Work If . . .

POPULARITY OF POKER CLUBS is growing. With good cause. How well it pays was demonstrated recently when the Hamilton Club, Park Lane, London, was convicted of infringing the Gaming Acts.

From the club's own records the Court was told that its takings from poker playing reached £25,000 in twelve months. The club was fined £500 with £42 costs. Col. Henry James, a director of the company, was fined £100 with £15 15s. costs.

Total profits from law-breaking—£24,342 5s.! Not bad at all—for the law-breakers.

A new international brigade is marching against Franco, dictator of Spain—a brigade formed by the leaders of the victorious United Nations

Eviction

THE HOUSING FAMINE is acute. Everywhere young couples seek desperately for a home of their own. We know their difficulties. We seek to spur on both Government and local authorities in their housing drive.

But we do not support the numerous attempts now being made to "pull a fast one" over local authorities. Some council house tenants who are about to move, take in friends as lodgers. The idea is that when they move, the lodgers will simply sit tight and the council will not dare incur the odium of eviction proceedings.

This is purely and simply a frame-up.

NEW PETROL RACKET

DURING the war years one of Scotland Yard's best-known chiefs, Supt. William Collins, was seconded to the Ministry of Fuel and Power.

He directed thousands of inquiries into petrol ramps and thefts in all parts of the country. He tracked down scores of offenders, including people trafficking in petrol coupons.

Recently he was relieved of his post so that he could reorganise the Greek C.I.D.

Unfortunately, he has not been replaced at the Ministry of Fuel. The result is that petrol swindlers are thriving again.

Here are a few hard facts:

A big black market in one-gallon unit coupons is operating in the Midlands. Car owners, whose basic ration meets only a small part of their needs, pay anything from 4s. to 10s. each for them.

Large quantities of petrol have been stolen recently from American airfields in this country. At many aerodromes no real check is kept on supplies. Dishonest lorry drivers have driven into some of them with as much as 2,000 gallons and, after obtaining a receipt, driven off without even delivering their load.

In some cases, receipts have been given before drivers have even attempted to deliver!

The proper price for petrol is 1s. 11½d. Yet the police have information that it is quite common for Black Market rings to obtain 7s. 6d. and 10s. a gallon for it without coupons.

In one case the profit aimed at on 2,000 gallons was £400.

Which shows there's big money in this racket. And it suggests that the Ministry of Fuel should at once be given the skilled detective direction it requires.

It cannot be tolerated. Every coun[cil] has a long waiting list for its house[s]. That list takes priority over "clan[ge] jumpers." Aneurin Bevan, Minister o[f] Health, must make this clear.

Lawson Should Look

FROM KARACHI TO CALCUTTA is an overland journey of about 2,000 mile[s]. Many of our men, in leave parties o[r] for other purposes, have to make th[is] trip. We are told welfare facilities i[n] India are improving. Not before time.

A colleague of ours, an officer, tells [us] that on that interminable journey there were just five stations with canteen[s] when he made the trip recently.

But only two of them were open! He made inquiries, and found out that th[e] other three rarely opened at all "unless some very big big-wigs happen to be on the line." Action is indicated.

Army Form B.104-82

A NEIGHBOUR OF OURS came home from work. Waiting for him, a dirty little brown envelope, stamped smudgily in purple ink, "Important."

Inside, a shabby official form—B.104-82. In terse Whitehall verbiage with every word printed that could be printed, and the details typed in, he was notified that his boy was killed somewhere in Western Europe "as the result of a shooting incident." That, and nothing else.

The form then told him where to apply for additional information about the whereabouts of the boy's grave. Jack Lawson, Minister of War, has promised to humanise War Office communications. The need has been evident far too long.

Billet Boredom

THERE ARE THOUSANDS of soldiers in Britain with nothing to do. They wait impatiently for demobilisation. Meanwhile, many of them would welcome the chance to do useful work.

Already arrangements have been made for many of them to assist in helping to gather this year's vital harvest. Other plans for "civvy" use of their labour are being considered.

We approve. But we shall not approve the use of our Servicemen as a source of cheap labour for either private employers or the State.

Cinder Kings

A RECORD SPEEDWAY racing boom is certain, as we report on page 12. Track authorities are preparing for it. Speedway riders in the Forces, young men who rode motor-cycles in the breath-taking tasks of war—these and more are coming out to swell the ranks of Speedway recruits.

At its track in Essex Wembley's chief have been giving hundreds of ex-Servicemen a Speedway show. Each man who rides has the chance of making good—and making up to £10 per week as a Speedway star.

Only a tiny proportion make the grade. Those that do have a breath-taking few months ahead. Lady Luck can make them the adored idols of the fans—or just another boy who likes motor-bikes!

Atomic Cancer Cure?

BLESSINGS ARE WRAPT UP in the hideous searing blast of the atomic bomb. Now the research institutes of the world are hard at work seeking to apply atomic energy to disease.

The director of the New York Memorial Hospital for the Treatment of Cancer says there are grounds for believing that the release of atomic energy may be connected with both the cause and cure of cancer.

Another far-fetched theory? We think not. There is no theoretical limit to atomic research in the future. To turn that research towards creating a better world rather than bigger bombs is the task of the statesmen now assembled in London.

MYSTERY MAN OF SOCIALISM

HANNEN SWAFFER reads the riddle of Harold Laski

IS PROFESSOR HAROLD LASKI, the chairman of the Labour Party, really a naughty boy—or, worse still, a public menace? Is he a danger to Society? Is he a poisoning thorn in the side of the new Government? Will his "indiscretions" continue to embarrass Cabinet Ministers furthest on the Right?

Certainly, to many, he is the mystery man of politics.

He was blamed by many Socialists because Churchill used him as a bogey-man during the election. Actually, the Tories had to frighten the electorate with something or somebody.

Had they not chosen Harold Laski, saying that, if Attlee became Premier, he would have to betray international secrets to "that man Laski"—they thought they were cunning in choosing a man with a Jewish name—they might have blundered on a cry much more effective.

Laski laughed. "Speaking as temporary head of the Socialist Gestapo," he said, after his side had won.

When Lord Simon—yes, the Lord Chancellor!—went so far as to commit contempt of Court by saying Laski did not intend to follow up the libel writs he had issued, "The Professor" did not even complain to King's Bench. Yet he might have had the Lord Chancellor fined! Actually, Simon apologised—but not till after election day, when it didn't matter.

When Churchill was Left

I could not help smiling when, to get votes, Churchill made it seem, in his speeches, that he did not know Laski. He, no doubt purposely, forgot that it was Laski who moved, at the Labour Party conference in 1940, the resolution—"That we join the Government"—that made Winston into Prime Minister. He ignored, too, the fact that, during war crises, he had himself consulted Laski several times. So why could it be a crime for his successor to do so?

More than that, he forgot that when he stood as Liberal candidate for North-West Manchester his chairman was Nathan Laski, the much-respected merchant who was Harold's father, that he had stayed in his house during the election, and that the boy Harold learned politics sitting at his feet in adoration.

Those were days when Churchill was so Left that Laski still quotes from his that-time speeches in support of his own Socialist case to-day! I have, indeed, heard him read from a book that Churchill gave him, "We will go forward into a way of life more earnestly viewed, more scientifically organised, more consciously national than any we have ever known." What Churchill then said, Laski still proclaims.

I do not wonder that the Tories chose Laski as Public Enemy No. 1. He has a way of "putting his foot in it"—at least from the point of view of more timorous folk. He blurts out truth, as he sees it, so that it often makes the pink see red.

His Complicated Position

While lecturing at the State of Washington's University, some years ago, his technique as a don was so admired by the regular professors that they themselves attended all his classes. But, outside the 'Varsity buildings, he made a speech so Left that the institution risked the loss of a large State endowment.

Laski's chief crime during the election was to say that when Attlee accompanied Churchill to the Potsdam conference he could not commit the Labour Party to a continuance of the Coalition's foreign policy. This caused an uproar among the Tories.

But already Laski has been justified. Millions of Socialists and, indeed, many of the younger Labour M.P.s recently returned, are now indignant with Ernest Bevin because his first speech as Foreign Minister, especially what he said about Greece and Spain, was too much in alignment with what Churchill had said, and done, months ago.

You will find, I hazard to say, that events will force Bevin further Left as the time goes on.

Then, a few weeks ago, Laski went to Paris and to Scandinavia, as a delegate from the Labour Party. In Stockholm, he was, in a sense, at fault, for he was reported as saying, "Not even America and Russia can live alone, still less second-class Powers like Britain and Sweden."

Ellen Wilkinson, whom Laski succeeded as chairman of the Labour Party, expressed the indignation of her Cabinet colleagues. "The most mischievous thing that can be said abroad to-day," she declared, "is that Britain is a second-rate Power just because our overseas investments are gone."

Laski should have put it another way—that while in character and grit and potentiality we may be as strong as ever, we are financially broke.

Laski's position is a complicated one. Is he, because he is chairman of the Labour Party until next Whitsun, to say something he does not mean just because his colleagues are in power? Is he to repress truth as he sees it?

He has never done so yet. That is why he is respected throughout the Socialist world—as a speaker, as a lecturer, as the author of a score of books on politics and economics, including *The Danger of Being a Gentleman*, as a thinker, and even as a prophet.

He has, indeed, one of the best brains in the country, and a reputation for honesty of purpose that cannot be challenged. He has met, in his time, almost every statesman of world-importance.

Vigilant Chairman

Marked out, as a youth, by Justice Wendell Holmes, the great American jurist, he was staying with him in later years when President Roosevelt called to pay a tribute to Holmes on the last of his anniversaries.

He has lectured at the McGill University in Canada; Harvard, Yale, and Amherst in the States; Trinity College, Dublin, and at Cambridge. As Professor of Political Science at London University, he has had in his classes many who, since, have earned fame and won distinction.

He can discuss India, or Greece, or Spain, or even American finance, with each of those country's experts. Sharing his platform, I have seen him always standing with his left hand clutching the lapel of his coat, while continually he has interpolated "Mr. Chairman" in the middle of a sentence, been enthralled by his wisdom, and inspired by his courage.

When, some months ago, he consented to become chairman of the Labour Party, he insisted that his function was not only to preside at the annual conference and to take the chair at the monthly meetings of the National Council of Labour, but to see that the Party policy fell into line with that agreed upon at the annual conference. That he is still doing.

"I am not responsible to the Government," he says, "but to the Labour conference decisions."

Critic of Timidity in Office

He interprets the official policy, which he has had a leading part in framing, from which he never departs and on which he insists. He is a Socialist, and that is that. He gains nothing by it.

"I was wise enough to be born of rich parents," I heard him say once, "and so I had an expensive education. Now I want the masses to enjoy what I was born in."

Laski stood by Cripps when he was expelled from the Labour Party in 1939, for his Popular Front activities. He has been critical of Attlee for his moderation, and he has accused Labour leaders of being too timid. This criticism may be heard again from his lips. For these are days of extremity, days in which the greatest courage is needed. People in office, whatever their Party, must often be urged on by the vehemence of their followers. And Laski is not only a follower; he is also a leader. Besides, the Labour Party is democratically run; it has no bosses.

"Only a planned world can hope to be a free world for the common man," he said at a Labour Party conference last December. "An unplanned world will, within a generation, take us into a new World War."

That was true when Laski said it. It was also true—years ago—indeed, when Churchill said the same sort of thing in 1918. And it is true to-day.

A section of a "Daily Mail" cartoon by Illingworth, published just before the General Election, showing Laski and Attlee in trouble in the Labour corner of the ring. In the opposite corner appeared a confident figure of Churchill

LASKI—by HIS ENEMIES

"Mr. Harold Laski, who by his professorial inventions in the election campaign has sent more shudders through the Labour Party and has caused more Socialists to shiver, than any other man, last night climbed down from his self-elected perch.—He holds a position of authority and influence which would be immeasurably extended if Labour won the election and ruled the country."—*Daily Mail.*

"I cannot believe that the British people could tolerate a Government whose Ministers are dominated, apparently, by an individual with the good old British name of Laski. Vote British, please.
Admiral of the Fleet Lord KEYES.

"Who is this Gauleiter Laski to tell British statesmen what they are to do? I don't understand it.
HAROLD MACMILLAN.

"That dehydrated pundit Professor Laski ——."
WILLIAM BARKLEY,
in *Daily Express*.

OPEN LETTERS

British trade unions have a new functio.., as Sir Walter realises

Rt. Hon. Sir Walter Citrine,

General Secretary, T.U.C.

DEAR SIR,—I welcome your outright statement last week that in a Socialist economy the rôle of the Trade Unions may be very different from their job under capitalism.

Already Mr. Shinwell has asked for the help of the Mineworkers Union in raising the output of coal, and the Union has agreed to co-operate. We are a long way from the days when a Union's sole task was to squeeze the last possible concession out of prosperous exploiters.

The Government has taken over the responsibility for full employment, and the old campaigns against mechanisation and rationalisation would now be meaningless, if not disastrous.

The Trade Unions must turn their attention to production. They must insist on high standards of efficiency both on the part of management and individual workmen.

They must make it their business to restore and perpetuate the proud supremacy of British craftsmanship. At the same time they must help to raise the British output per man-hour to a level where we can compete on at least equal terms with the highly organised industries of other countries. —JOHN BULL.

Congressman Harold Knutson,

Minnesota

DEAR SIR,—Britain still has a few "Colonel Blimps" left. So has the United States. You are one of them.

You want Congress to refuse a loan to Britain on the grounds that it would be helping a programme of socialisation, and you try to appeal to a prejudice which is already 100 years out of date.

"Why," you say, "should we finance this journey to Utopia? We were not consulted, neither were we allowed to vote on the proposition. Wouldn't it be 'Taxation without representation,' and didn't the heroes of the Boston Tea Party reject that philosophy 170 years ago?"

Are you really so afraid of democracy that when Britain elects a Labour Government by an overwhelming majority you are prepared to use the power of the almighty dollar to sabotage our progress?

I am glad to see that your own President was quick to put you in your place.

"That's a perfectly silly conclusion," he said. "Britain is entitled to the sort of Government she wants."—JOHN BULL.

Lord Stansgate,

Secretary of State for Air

MY LORD,—The war is over. The Americans are departing. When are the thousands of acres of wartime aerodromes going to be restored to British agriculture?

Many of these fields were laid down in the most fertile land in the country. Some of the bomber stations have concrete runways well over a mile long.

Almost always the rich surface soil had to be bulldozed into the hollows to level fields. It will be some years before the farmers can get them back to pre-war standards of production.

Autumn is the time for ploughing. They want to start now.—JOHN BULL.

F. Middlemass, Esq.,

Secretary, Toilet and Perfumery Manufacturers' Federation

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will do everything in your power to put an end to the present racket in fake cosmetics.

Much of the stuff that is being sold at high prices in the smaller shops and popular market-places is sheer rubbish, some of it positively harmful.

Lipstick made from candles. "face cream" from wax and paraffin, "mascara" from beeswax and lampblack, talcum powder from Kaolin chalk and zinc oxide.

Raw methylated spirit is frequently used, together with other ingredients that ruin the skin.

The prices? 4s. 6d. for powder that is mostly chalk; 12s. for a cream that is nothing but paraffin and wax.

You should start now and work out minimum standards for all cosmetics. Register a trade sign for use on all articles which conform to those standards. Tell the public what the sign means, and invite them to use it as a protection against inferior products.

If that does not stamp out backroom racketeering, press the Government to step in and regulate the trade along proper lines.—JOHN BULL.

The Maharaja of Baroda—

Major H. H. Farzand-i-Khas-i-Dowlat-i-Englishia, Maharaja Sir Pratap Sinha Gaekwar, Sena Khas Khel, Samsher Bahadur, G.C.I.E., LL.D.

YOUR HIGHNESS,—Last week you bought a horse. You paid £29,400 for him. He was one year old.

Last week, at a conservative estimate, 100 children of the same age as your horse died of undernourishment and disease in your own State of Baroda.

I have no doubt your horse will not die of undernourishment. Let us hope he won't catch any disease.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

IT ALWAYS WAS!

LIFE THESE DAYS is very difficult—or so we are told. Well, if the truth be told life always was difficult. For, from one point of view, life consists and always has consisted of a constant succession of problems that clamour for solution; and happiness and unhappiness depend on our success in solving them satisfactorily.

The problems may vary, but their presence is constant. Life to-day isn't really any different from life at any other time. It's only the type of difficulty that is different.

So what should we do about it? Well, let us always remember that it seems to be fatally easy to let pleasant and agreeable things slip from our memories and dwell only on the disagreeable things that we have encountered. We can take steps to remedy that state of affairs. It's something we can do for ourselves. It's just a matter of making up our minds that nice things are worth remembering—and then remembering them.

And perhaps another trouble with us all is that we continually expect too much. We look for glamour instead of reality.

It is much better to face life with a prepared mind, a mind that realises that setbacks and disappointments and disillusionments are daily experiences for everyone. If we would only do that, cultivate a truly realistic attitude, we should far more often laugh at life than cry over it.

Never, never forget that real troubles are few and far between. Most of the things we call "troubles" are only passing irritations. We do ourselves less than justice if we allow them to throw us off our balance. It does us no credit to have so poor a sense of proportion.

Argument

Jury, butcher, baker, candlestick-maker sit in judgment. Are they qualified?

IS TRIAL BY JURY REALLY FAIR?

yes

1. For "twelve good men and true," drawn at random from all walks of life, to reach a unanimous opinion, the evidence must be strong.

2. Prejudices may well exist among them, but they will tend to cancel each other out.

3. It is true that counsel may confuse the issue, but there is always the judge's final summing up to straighten things out.

4. The right of the defendant to object to the presence of any juror likely to be prejudiced is a powerful safeguard.

5. The jury system has stood the test of a thousand years. In classic miscarriages of justice, judges as well as jurors have been proved wrong.

6. No knowledge of law is required to decide on fact. Justices of the Peace, *who act as judges*, are not required to have knowledge of law.

7. To attack the jury system is to attack all democracy. If popular votes decide laws, then the common people must play their part when the machinery of law is in action.

no

1. "Good men and true"? Perhaps. But not many of them could pass a simple test in logic. Army intelligence tests reveal that the average is low.

2. Even a man of good general education may be poor at weighing evidence, which calls for the highest mental skill.

3. Counsel earn large incomes precisely for their ability to confuse the lesser minds of jurymen.

4. If trial by jury is so fair and efficient, the War criminals should not be tried by tribunal.

5. The legal record abounds, especially in motoring and insurance cases, with verdicts agreed to be hopelessly wrong.

6. Appeal from the decision of a bad jury is both difficult and costly.

7. Provided the tribunal is rightly chosen for merit, there is nothing anti-democratic in this form of trial.

Scotland has already adopted the Ridley Rent Report while England lags behind. Our literary critic explains how landlord and tenant are helped and protected by the simplification of legal machinery

RENT: Landlord and Tenant Fight It Out

"YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU LIKE about it, but I'm telling you it's barely habitable, and I don't care how many surveyors you have to poke about it. What's more, if you ask any of those chaps whether they would sleep in bedrooms like that, I know the answer you'd get all right. . . ."

This very unlawyer-like statement was made by a man wearing a thick tweed suit and a yellow tie. As he spoke he twisted his cap in his hands, but there was no uncertainty in his voice.

It was warm inside the council room that day, but the three men sitting at the main table looked quite cool and at ease. No one entering the room, with its bare walls and sparse furniture, would have guessed that here was a court-room deciding one of the biggest issues of peace time Britain. The three judges at the main table wore no wigs Counsel for the defence and prosecution were dressed in ordinary civilian clothes. There was a clerk of the court, but no sign of policeman or warder. . . .

A tall, thin man sitting opposite the speaker came to his feet immediately he had finished. He turned to the three judges. . . .

"Gentlemen, there's no point in going on with this argument. You have seen my surveyor's report. You have heard what my tenant has to say. It seems quite clear to me that there's nothing exorbitant about the rent he is paying. . . ."

Not Made in England

These two men were respectively tenant and landlord. They had chosen to bring their dispute before a Scottish Rent Court, but no solicitor or lawyer had been consulted. In fact, they were taking the parts of prosecuting and defending counsel themselves.

The man in the tweed suit repeated with an incredulous air the single word, "Exorbitant!" Then he went on: "It depends, of course, what you mean by exorbitant. But if you mean it's twice what it ought to be, then it is exorbitant!"

"Really, gentlemen, I think this argument has gone on long enough. . . ."

But the landlord was wrong. The case lasted for another half-hour, and during that time landlord and tenant came to closer grips still, and on at least one occasion the tenant performed a logical cartwheel worthy of any London lawyer.

In the end the judges were unanimous in their verdict. This rent must come down from 27s. 6d. a week to 20s. So yet another dispute between landlord and tenant had been settled without recourse to the usual legal machinery, and once again it became quite clear that all the mumbo-jumbo talked about the complexity of rent disputes could be reduced to a few simple terms.

But this discovery was not made in England. The dispute took place and the verdict was given in a Scottish Rent Court. The nearly forgotten Ridley Report has already recommended that special Rent Courts should be set up throughout the whole country to deal with rent racketeering, but so far Scotland alone has them.

Fair for All

There are twenty-seven Rent Courts in Scotland, and they take their powers from the Rent of Furnished Houses Control (Scotland) Act, which was originally put forward by Tom Johnston, Secretary of State for Scotland. This covers the control of rents in houses or parts of houses, let furnished, or *with services*.

The last phrase is important. In effect, it means that if the landlord also supplies electricity or gas, then the premises fall within the meaning of the Act, and this brings a wide range of premises under rent control.

The Act permits landlords as well as tenants to bring a case before the Tribunal. It also gives local authorities the same powers, and once again that is very important. There has been a tendency for tenants to be intimidated by a landlord who threatens to have them evicted if they dare to start any sort of legal fuss. In Scotland, the fuss can now be made by a local authority.

If the landlord still tries to penalise the tenant, an extension of the Rent Act may boomerang back at him. For should he attempt to evict a tenant after the decision of the Tribunal has gone against him the local authorities can use requisition and billeting powers which protect the tenant completely.

No Time for Sentiment

On the whole, landlords are quite reasonable about the business to-day, but there are occasions when righteous indignation, pique, or plain vindictiveness drives the landlord to try to get his own back.

It happened in one case where a woman tenant appeared before a Tribunal and told, in simple, halting language, the story of two dingy rooms, ill-lit and shockingly furnished, which were all she could get in her area. Her husband was away in Burma. Her three children were too young to work. Somehow she had to scrape together 30s. a week for these two rooms, and . . . "it seems to me I'm paying a wee bit more'n I ought."

The landlord's case was equally reasonable. Rates were high, you couldn't get anyone to repair furniture these days, and the house was a constant drain on his finances.

The case was proceeding smoothly on these lines when suddenly the landlord let drop a remark about the time being past to get sentimental over soldiers' difficulties. Everyone had difficulties now, civilians as well as soldiers. It was tactless, to say the least, and it did two things. The Tribunal listened less sympathetically to the landlord, and the Scotswoman nearly lost her temper. . . .

"My husband's fought hard in this war. Nobody's getting sentimental. . . . I just want to be able to live, and I can't on that rent."

Once again the Tribunal agreed that the rent must come down from 30s a week to 25s. Some days later the landlord set about finding a tenant who would pay 30s., and then asked the Scotswoman to go. It seemed to him a simple way round his difficulties, and he acted entirely without malice But he had underestimated the efficiency of the Scottish Rent Courts.

In the first place, a register of every decision made in these courts is kept, and it is illegal for a landlord to charge more than the rent fixed, even if he finds a new tenant. So he cannot maintain his old rent by finding a new tenant.

Landlord No Loser

From beginning to end the Rent Courts are planned to overcome the stiff formality of legal proceedings They want the unvarnished truth without formal trappings On the other hand, there is nothing to stop landlord or tenant from engaging a lawyer to conduct their case, and both are quite free to call any witnesses they choose.

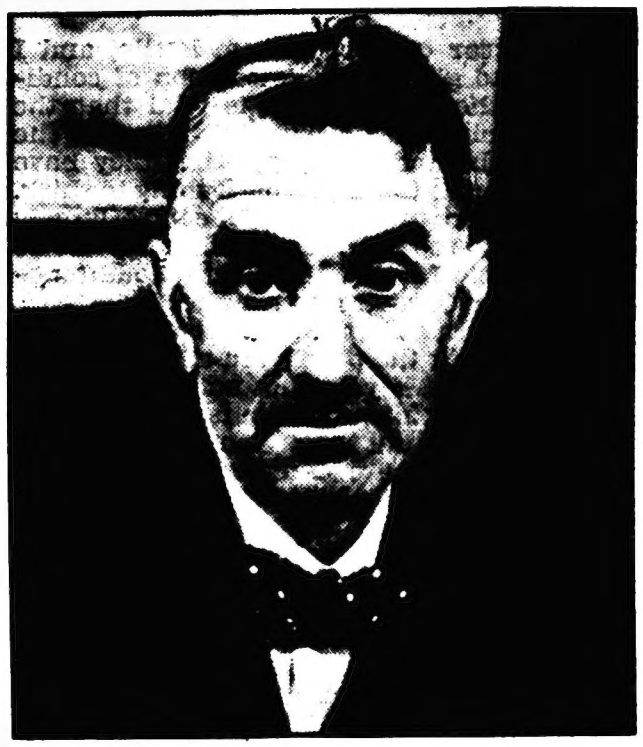
Again, it is not always a matter of reducing rents. The landlord is not the loser all along the line. The first appearance before a Rent Court may get a rent reduced or upheld, but the first appearance cannot increase a given rent. It needs a second application, backed by concrete evidence of heavy increases in rates or expenses, before a rent, already fixed by the court, can be increased.

None the less, the landlord's pleas get the same close attention as the tenant's.

The members of the Tribunal are appointed by the Secretary of State for Scotland, and he generally looks for someone with experience of local government or local conditions.

In 1944 the Rent Courts covered 91 per cent. of Scotland's population, and of 1,098 applications 74 per cent. resulted in cuts varying from 6d. a week to £9 10s. a month.

The Ridley Report has suggested, in cautious official language, that these courts could be developed to cover many other areas where the Rent Restriction Acts lead to confusion. Apart from the fact that the Rent Restriction Acts are a maze of inconsistencies, such courts are an urgent necessity. They have worked perfectly in Scotland. We need them throughout the rest of the country, and we need them now.



Tom Johnston, when Secretary of State for Scotland, put forward the comprehensive Act controlling the rent of furnished houses from which Scottish Rent Courts take their powers

New Proposals on Rent

- **In England and Wales, rent appeals are dealt with at present in the County Courts.**
- **The Ridley Report, issued by an Interdepartmental Committee on Rent Control appointed in November, 1943, was published last April. It recommended that legislation be framed in expectation that rent control may be necessary for ten years.**

Other recommendations were:

- **Houses built after the war to be exempt from control, as well as Council houses and houses occupied by virtue of employment or service.**
- **Rent Tribunals to be set up to determine fair rent. Registration of rents. Local councils to keep a rent register of all controlled houses in their areas.**
- **Certain landlords to have the right to recover for their own occupation—i.e., owners who left their houses owing to the war, and tenants who sub-let and now want possession.**
- **Landlords to be encouraged to take advantage of provision to increase rent of controlled houses by 8 per cent. yearly of expenditure on improvements and structural alterations. Legislation to be framed to make tenants bear their share.**
- **Deduction of 30 per cent. from rent should be allowed if tenant obtains certificate of disrepair.**
- **Distraint. Landlord should file affidavit in County Court, giving particulars of tenant's default, before he levies distress or the Court issues warrant for possession.**

"Some of the facts may be a shock to you, but they have go

THE BERLIN HORROR

by a British Soldier*

This is an uncensored account of what is happening in Berlin to-day, written by a British Army Major who has just returned to London. It is the most outspoken report that has yet been published, and is inspired by the horror and dismay the writer felt from what he saw.

JOHN BULL realises that it will be an unpopular article with some people. We print it because we believe (1), the truth should be known, and (2), failure to take remedial action will endanger not merely the future of Germany, but the safety of Britain and all Europe.

"This is now going on in reverse. . . . It is a disgrace to civilisation"
A Nazi death train discovered by American troops at Dachau

I HAVE JUST COME BACK from Berlin, and I want to give you a description of conditions there, because it is vital that the public should know the facts. Some of the facts may be a shock to you, but they have got to be faced; this is too big a thing to shirk.

The centre of the city is, of course, largely in ruins, but too much emphasis must not be laid on that. It is j. Plymouth, Southampton, Hull, or Coventry on a bigger scale.

The main effect of the bombing and shelling is that the people are still stunned—punch-drunk. They are not normal men and women, with opinions like ourselves.

Remember that when you read accounts of what Berliners are thinking about the war, about Hitler, and about the concentration camps. They are hardly thinking at all, except about their lost homes, including all their clothes and furniture, their lost sons and brothers, who are dead or in captivity, their lost children, who have been evacuated they don't know where to.

Their fall has been so great, from being the tyrants of all Europe to being a miserable race of cave-dwellers, that it will be a long time before they can pull themselves together enough to make rational plans for the future and to profit from the lessons of the past.

Far more important is the fact that the people are starving.

Their ration is about half what we are getting at home, and they don't get their ration, or anything like it. It is quite common for the people who can't afford to go into the Black Market—and the Black Market is not widespread—to live for weeks on end on dry bread.

Any doctor will tell you how long you can keep going on that, and what resistance you can put up to the common diseases of winter.

The milk ration for babies is under one pint a day, and often that ration, too, is not to be had. It is not likely that, if present conditions continue, there will be many babies or old people alive by next Spring.

Misleading Statements

This year there will be no coal at all for domestic use. Most houses depend for warmth on central heating or big coal stoves. Few houses have complete windows. The Central European winter is going to kill off large numbers.

What I am telling you is fact, not propaganda designed to arouse sympathy which the German people as a whole do not deserve. They asked for what they have got—war in its most horrible form. Nothing now happening in Berlin—except one thing that I'll tell about in a moment—is as bad as what the Germans did in Poland or Russia, or as what we now know they intended to do in Britain. But the fact must not be concealed.

All of us in Berlin were enraged by some of the statements put out by Press correspondents shortly after our occupation, describing the cinemas, cabarets, theatres and political meetings, and trying to pretend that everything in Berlin is lovely. These statements, by what they left out, were either ignorant nonsense or deliberate lies.

A word about the Russians. As you know, the Russians captured Berlin in May, and on July 12 the city was divided into three zones, under the occupation and Military Government of the British, Americans, and Russians, respectively. A zone has since been allotted to the French also.

The Russians did one grand job. The whole city administration, the law courts, and all businesses are absolutely cleared of Nazis. The whole lot have been sacked.

Unfortunately, many of their successors are incompetent or worse. The city government is a mass of corruption, especially in the ranks of the lower officials. The police were recruited largely from the inmates of concentration camps, and many people were in concentration camps not for political reasons but because they were habitual criminals. So the police are utterly untrustworthy, and a big clean-up is necessary.

The four-part Military Government of the city works on the whole very smoothly, and all nations exhibit good will and a spirit of co-operation towards one another.

Different as is the outlook between ourselves and the Russians on many things, it astonishing how well we get on together. F that reason the rather cumbersome metho of governing Berlin, which many people sa wouldn't work, is proving a most valuab experiment in international relations.

But it is no good being an ostrich so f as the Russian troops are concerned. The idea of personal discipline is very differen from ours. The lootings, rapes and murder still being committed by them all over th city are having the worst possible effect o the opinion of the British, American an French soldiers, and are steadily undoing th good that is being done by the friendshi between the Governments.

It is also killing German Communism "If this is Communism," say the German "it won't do for us."

Helpless Survivors

Another curious problem may arise fro the fact that the Russian soldier has see with his own eyes that the worker in a cap talist State has a far higher standard o living than he himself has at home, contra to everything he has been taught. But th is a purely Russian headache.

The one thing in Berlin as bad as an German atrocity is the treatment of German

***THE BRITISH SOLDIER**

who sent us this report was a lawyer before the war. After serving in an artillery regiment he went to Germany seven months ago to assist in the organisation of the British military courts

...faced"

...rcibly displaced from what used to be ...art of Prussia and is now under Poland, the ...rovinces of Pomerania and Silesia.

You may remember the horrible—and ...rue—stories of the "death-trains" into ...hich the Germans herded Poles and trans...orted them, without food or water, from ...heir homes, which were to be colonised by ...ermans. This is going on now, in reverse.

Any day you like you can go down to the ...tettiner Bahnhof in Berlin and see the trains ...rrive. First the corpses are taken out. Then ...he dying. Then the helpless and homeless ...urvivors.

Men, women and children are being cal...usly exterminated, and in spite of the clear ...irection given at the Potsdam Conference ...hat the evacuation was to be carried out in ...n orderly and humane manner.

On this point I am giving you opinion as ...ell as fact when I say that what is going on ...s a disgrace to civilisation.

Let us hope that we shall never hear the ...ontemptible excuse that the Poles are only ...oing to the Germans what the Germans did ...o them. Anyone talking or thinking like ...hat instantly lowers himself to the level of ...he late Heinrich Himmler.

Berlin has a considerable Radical tradi...ion, and also contains many sincere and cul...ured people to whom the late Government ...as an abomination. At the same time you ...ave to be on your guard against being taken ...n by the bogus "good German."

What the Soldier Sees

You can spot him at once. He says that you must distinguish between the Nazis and the innocent Germans, that they didn't know what went on in the concentration camps, and that anyway all the atrocities were committed by the S.S.

The genuine kind will say: "We are all responsible for this. We failed to stop Nazism while we could, and we have shown that at present we are unfit to govern ourselves. The future of Germany lies in the hands of our children, or even of our grandchildren."

In a very real sense Germany has won the war, because if Hitler had conquered Britain in 1940, civilisation in Germany, as well as elsewhere, would have been enslaved for 1,000 years. We must not grumble at the price we have had to pay. It is our own fault that it is so high.

The Allied Military Government has done magnificent work in rooting out Nazism and making Germany powerless to fight another war.

But what is needed is a new Germany, a democratic and peace-loving Germany, which can take her place without fear and without regimentation in a new fellowship of nations.

Meanwhile, the problem of reconstruction is a huge one, and must ultimately be the responsibility of the Germans themselves. But from the point of view of the ordinary soldier, the question is this: Must the sins of the nation now be visited upon the individual, the ordinary men and women, and especially the children, or can anything be done to save them?

I know what the British soldier in Berlin is thinking now. I don't think he will enjoy his Christmas dinner much this year. He will feel that hungry children are peering through the windows of the messrooms.

MARRIAGE—THE CRITICAL YEARS

Demobilisation of thousands of married Servicemen makes urgently topical this frank discussion of the danger points in marriage by Dr. DAVID R. MACE, Secretary of the Marriage Guidance Council

MARRIAGE IS LIKE a cross-country journey. Green valleys of beauty and delight, but rough places, too; and stiff hills to climb. Those who make this journey together must not expect the going always to be easy. They should be warned beforehand that there are some difficult stretches of road.

Much misleading nonsense is talked about the "critical years" of marriage. I have heard the first year, the fifth, the seventh, the tenth, and the twentieth all referred to as the most difficult and dangerous.

It is by no means as simple as this. The circumstances of marriage vary, and danger-points may arise at very different stages, which cannot be measured in terms of so many years.

Honeymoon Problems

In this article I shall enumerate some of the principal stages at which special strains may arise. Not that I want married people constantly to be looking for trouble. That would be quite the wrong attitude. But a great deal of experience in dealing with marriage breakdowns has convinced me of the value of warning people to be on their guard at certain times.

The first danger-point is at the very beginning, when the early sex adjustments are being made.

I had an urgent SOS recently from a young man on his honeymoon. Ignorant of the way to achieve physical harmony, the couple had found this side of their relationship much more complicated than they expected. Both were feeling distressed and disillusioned.

Fortunately, the trouble was easily put right, and I have since received from them a very charming letter of thanks.

Many marriages, however, have at this point been plunged into an emotional tangle, never really straightened out afterwards. The only way of avoiding this pitfall lies in proper preparation of the couple for marriage.

In my opinion, sexual experimentation before marriage does not help. On the contrary, it often makes matters worse.

Sound and accurate knowledge beforehand, and patience at the time, are the best and surest safeguards. The Marriage Guidance Council has recently published a booklet which tells a man in simple language what he needs to know about these matters.*

Baby Makes Trouble

Another period of strain comes with the first pregnancy. Mrs. S. was a very young wife when she discovered that her first baby was on the way. Like too many modern girls, she had not been educated for motherhood. She began to worry and fret.

The Marriage Guidance Council is doing outstanding work in helping couples to overcome their marital problems. In this picture one of the Council's consultants gives sympathetic hearing to a young wife in distress

Her husband found her difficult to live with, and grew impatient. The ardour of his love began to cool. She noticed this, and began to upbraid him. He answered hastily, and soon they were quarrelling violently. The expectation of their child, instead of drawing them into deeper harmony, was driving them to bitter conflict.

In their case, the arrival of the baby put everything right. But this doesn't always happen. To Mr. and Mrs. G., for instance, the birth of their first child brought a crisis in the marriage.

Strain for the Husband

There had been trouble between them before. Now Mrs. G. turned away from her husband and bestowed the affection she owed to him upon the child instead. Preoccupied with the responsibilities of motherhood, she cast off the obligations of wifehood, and Mr. G. felt himself slighted and neglected. He even grew jealous of his own child.

In this state of resentment, he fell an easy prey to the wiles of a pretty but unscrupulous charmer at the office, and a whole heap of trouble followed.

It is important for married people to realise that the period before and after the birth of a child is generally a time of emotional strain for the husband.

For several months he must keep his sexual desires in restraint, and this may make him irritable if at other points he feels he is not having a square deal. Then, at the time when he feels he can reasonably expect the physical relationship to be resumed, he may find his wife less responsive than before.

Often at this stage a wife is terrified of another pregnancy coming too soon, and in spite of herself she dreads her husband's approaches. If mutual understanding does not surmount this obstacle, accumulated emotional tensions can pile up which may have serious consequences.

If these tricky adjustments can be successfully achieved, the marriage will have passed safely the first awkward bends in the road.

The coming of later children will not be so difficult an experience, because the couple will have learnt what to expect, and be able to meet the situation wisely and intelligently.

Now we pass over a great stretch of years in which, although special snags may arise in individual cases, there is no crisis which is common to all marriages.

The next danger-point occurs when the children grow up and leave home. Mrs. P. had been a splendid mother, completely absorbed in her family. Then, in quick succession, her brood left her.

On the Rocks

When the last fledgling spread its wings and departed, Mrs. P. found a great gap in her life. She had never troubled to follow cultural or social interests outside her home, and her husband was engrossed in his work. Suddenly her life seemed to have become devoid of purpose. She felt tired and lonely and unwanted.

As happens with many women, this moment of emotional stress coincided in Mrs. P. with the change of life. That by itself can sometimes be a disturbing experience. Mrs. P. became very difficult. She began to nag her husband—to make unreasonable demands of him. She accused him of being inconsiderate, and even of being unfaithful.

This only exasperated Mr. P. He realised that his wife was ageing. She was less attractive than the younger women he met at work and at social gatherings. As a compensation for his wife's nagging, he began to cultivate their acquaintance.

Soon he was involved in an attachment which went further than he had intended, and to his consternation he learned that he was to be the father of an illegitimate child. Faced with humiliation and disgrace, he made his choice; and it meant the end of the marriage. Yet this tragedy could have been avoided easily enough with a little intelligent forethought on both sides.

Better than Cure

Once these hazards of middle age are safely passed, there is not much likelihood of further trouble. Marriages which break up in the latter years have almost always been insecure all along. Old people value the comradeship of a mate too much to risk the perils of loneliness just because everything isn't to their liking.

The golden rule in all these matters is that prevention is better than cure. If married people would just think and plan one step ahead, and meet their inevitable crises with insight and mutual understanding, they would find that the dangerous places which they have to traverse are not so difficult as may sometimes appear.

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* *"How to Treat a Young Wife," 6d. and 2½d. postage from the Marriage Guidance Council, 78, Duke Street, London, W.1.*

A Magic Door to Yourself

The long nights are back again. How can they most profitably and pleasurably be spent? VINCENT BROME here combines good advice with fascinating facts

WALKING DOWN THE MAIN STREET of Bradford that warm summer's day, a young man rattled the few coins in his pocket and tried once again to make up his mind. A two-course lunch with coffee had fascinating possibilities.

A copy of the latest book issued in the "Everyman" series was just as irresistible. But the two together were beyond his limited funds.

In the end, he turned swiftly in the direction of Mr. Powell's bookstall in Bradford Market and bought the latest "Everyman" before hunger got the better of him and his resolution vanished.

He then had 3d. left. That meant nut sandwich again for lunch, but even nut sandwich, a remarkable concoction which destroyed before it satisfied the appetite, was worth it when he could read a new book at the same time.

To-day you wouldn't recognise the rather awkward young man who made his way down Bradford High Street all those years ago. To-day he is known as J. B. Priestley, author, broadcaster, and playwright.

In those days he sacrificed his lunch money to buy books. To-day it is said there are men and women who sacrifice their lunch money to buy his books.

Priestley remembers the "Everymans" very clearly. In their green covers with gold lettering they reprinted very cheaply the classics of English literature. Of all the books which influenced his career, Priestley owes most, he told me, to the "Everyman" reprints.

Miracle of Cheap Classics

It is not straining the facts to say that they were a turning-point in his brilliant career. Nor is it exaggeration to say that hundreds of other men and women, top-line people in their own professions, first realised their own possibilities by reading cheap editions of the classics.

Once upon a time books were expensive and open to the few. Now books are once again expensive, but they are no longer open only to the few.

Before the war the libraries and the cheap paper-backed editions brought books within the reach of everyone. And that brought about a radical change in the book-reading public of this country. People who could not afford books, and who therefore had not gained a liking for reading, began to discover the vast world which books offer—and, incidentally, to discover in themselves potentialities which they had not realised before.

In this war the book-reading public has grown enormously, and their numbers are still increasing. Far more interesting is the fact that demand for popular romance is now rivalled by the demand for popular science.

Everyman's University

What has brought all this about? There are three main answers.

In the first place, people are now beginning to realise that books give the ordinary man a chance to salvage a wasted or incomplete education. Here it all is, the learning of the scientist and savant, offered in a few hundred simple pages for less than the price of a pint of beer. Mr. Jones never had the chance to go to a University. But now a University can come to him.

Is it the mysteries of science, of economics, or international affairs which draw him? Then he can take a complete course in one or the other at his own fireside for a pound or two

Dull? Difficult? It depends on your temperament. There is a high excitement in the mysteries of science which can outmatch the closest finish at the dogs, but it may not be open to everyone to feel that excitement.

Which brings out the second important answer. Many a man never knew his own possibilities until he first glimpsed them in a book. That is the remarkable thing. Too often we do not know ourselves.

Too often we go trudging on down the same old rut of daily habits when the slightest swerve in another direction might open a magic door. The key may lie in a book. And it is not so much, remember, what *you* find in the *book*, as what the *book* finds in *you*.

70,000 Words for Sixpence

Cyril K. Franklund, the American economist, wrote: "I didn't read a book off my own bat until I was twenty-one. Then I read one on economics and suddenly found that not only was economics a fascinating field, but that I had a natural bent for them. And to think I might, to this day, still be a garage hand tinkering with car engines."

The third main reason for the new book public is an obvious one. The general level of reading has risen, and it has risen because people are actively interested in social affairs where before they were apathetic.

They are also interested in science because science has penetrated deeply into our everyday lives.

Somewhere behind this growing tide of interest in the book world stands the figure of Allan Lane, the man behind Penguin Books, the greatest pioneer of popular knowledge in the last fifty years. Before the war you could buy a book of over 70,000 words by Bernard Shaw for 6d.

Before the war, again, it was estimated that one copy of the Penguin series of books was sold every twenty seconds.

Lane stumbled on his idea for revolutionising the publishing world when he was travelling in the country and noticed how many twopenny libraries were thriving in Britain. "I feel sure we could create a new book public among the lower middle-class," he said.

He set out on his venture with £100 in capital. Certain established publishers said he was crazy and would not only bring himself down in bankruptcy but would undermine the prices which other publishers asked for their books; 70,000 words for 6d.!

Allan Lane has created a new reading public and given the people an opportunity of self-education

But the dream became reality. The idea ran like fire through Britain and swept over the British Empire. Nor did it undermine the sale of books published at normal prices because it made no attack upon their public.

Then Allan Lane gave his plan a fresh twist, and this time the books were directed to another purpose. As he put it: "They were designed for a great mass of readers who wished to educate themselves.

There, in so many words, is summed up the whole thing.

But there are two approaches to this book-reading business. Either you decide that popular science is a fascinating field and proceed to read a whole row of books on science, or you take the books casually as you happen to meet them. Julian Huxley believes it is far better to read a string of books on one subject.

We are on the brink of a great new drive in the publishing world. It may take a year yet before books are in full flood again, but plans are being laid on a big scale. Very soon now the books will begin to multiply. Let them open a door for you.

"This one's for people who only play chopsticks"

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Ta-ra-ra Boom

"TAXI! TAXI! Hey, taxi! Dammit, it looks as if we'll have to walk, old boy. Wish I'd brought the car."

"But . . ."

"Nice state we're reduced to. War's over and they still carry on this austerity nonsense. Believe it or not, old boy, I have to keep three cars in order to get enough petrol to run one."

"But . . ."

"Then look at America. I hope you read the same paper as I do, old boy. No restrictions. Free enterprise. No planning. Manufacturers running wild. Peace boom. It's wonderful."

"But another paper reported that 150,000 workers in America were sacked in the first week of peace."

"RADIOS, CARS, electric fans. No end to it. Why I read that one American woman had got a tailor to make her a pair of leopard-skin trousers."

"But there are already 2,000,000 unemployed."

"Ha, they won't mind being unemployed if they've got cars, washing machines, and shops full of food. Think of it, America is going to manufacture immediately. I forget the exact figure—50,000 or 50,000,000 or something—refrigerators."

"But I don't want a refrigerator. I never had one before the war."

"A refrigerator is a symbol, old boy. You *ought* to want one."

"But . . ."

"And the aircraft industry plans to build 50,000 private planes a year."

"But who is going to buy all these things?"

"Come, come, old boy, don't be dense. The Americans, of course."

"But they have announced that they expect 8,000,000 unemployed by next Spring."

"Well, of course, there may be slight setbacks. You can't expect everybody to benefit from a boom. But what they can't sell at home they will export."

"But . . ."

"What markets! Take this end of the world alone. Britain and Europe are crying out for goods."

"But how are we going to pay for them?"

"There you have it, old boy. If the Government would do away with this planned economy stupidity and get a prosperity boom going over here, we could export to America and pay that way."

"But what should we send them? They don't want goods when they have too many already. They don't want gold. They don't want food. They don't want anything."

"NOW, NOW, OLD FELLOW, I do believe you're one of these blokes who believe in planned economy. In a boom people make plenty of money and spend plenty."

"But I read that in this boom the American Federation of Labour is demanding a minimum wage of 3s. 3d. an hour for all workers."

"What? 3s. 3d. an hour? Impossible. The manufacturers would go broke and then there wouldn't be any boom. Dammit, it's a good thing there are going to be 8,000,000 unemployed. As I said to Fothergill the other day, the workers think they own the place when they're not afraid of being thrown out of work."

Free Speech

MANPOWER: LET THE FORCES WORK

Brooklyn appeals for British books. Desert Rats plan a club. Amateur dentistry. Information for snuff converts. Swift work in deduction. Readers write on "Free Speech"

NEARLY ALL OUR towns and villages have Forces stationed in or near them. These men are now doing virtually nothing. They should be allowed to work locally and help to lessen the man-power shortage. Such a scheme would provide a vast labour force for every area in the country. There would be no housing or transport problems because the men would already be living on the spot.

Factories, offices, building firms, farmers and other employers could notify the commanding officer of a local unit what men were wanted. Skilled men would, of course, be placed in skilled jobs. The men would be paid civilian rates. A rota system of military and civilian duties would ensure that each man had a chance to work and earn the extra money.

The trades unions might raise objections in some cases, but surely these would be overcome in order to get reconstruction going quickly. Die-hards in the Forces would probably heartily dislike the idea, but I can't see that they would be able to put up a convincing case against it. Let's try it.—H. WILLIAMS, Aston, Birmingham.

* At present, former agricultural workers now in the Forces may, on application by their previous employers, be given up to two months leave to return to farm work. The Army allows this period to count as war service for the purpose of demobilisation. The Navy and the R.A.F. allow only one month to count as war service, but may shortly follow the Army's lead. Men on this special leave draw no Service pay but are paid the standard rate for the job.

The Commandant of an Army camp in an agricultural district may allow his men, whether former farm workers or not, to be employed on farms on a day to day or weekly basis. These men continue to receive Army pay, but the farmer pays the standard rate for their labour to the local War Agricultural Committee.—EDITOR.

Overlookers

THAT WAS a first-class letter about foremen (JOHN BULL, September 8). Every works organisation and building job should have a committee chosen from men known for their fair dealing. A workman ought to be able to appeal to this committee, with his name kept secret. Then charges against foremen could be thoroughly investigated.

No sacking should take place without the consent of the committee. They should keep an eye open for victimisation after trouble with the foremen and should deal with all questions of overtime. The committees should make reports to the appropriate unions.—JAMES KENNEDY, Strangeways, Manchester.

Early Bird

MIDDLEBROWS LIKE MYSELF thank the B.B.C. for their new programmes. One grouse, though: Why no choice of programmes before 9 a.m.?

When the Forces Programme operated we did not have to listen to "Up in the Morning Early" or "This Week's Composer." I hope the B.B.C. is already thinking of starting the Light Programme before most of us are at work.—REX MAKIN, 64, Childwall Valley Road, Liverpool, 16.

Puzzle Club

THIS ORGANISATION IS COMPOSED of invalid men and women whose chief relaxation and joy in life is solving all types of puzzles and entering all sorts of competitions. To help them our members need certain books—mainly special dictionaries and reference books. The British are far ahead of us in these. I wonder whether any of your readers who might have our type of book would get in touch with me?—WILLIAM SUNNERS, Secretary, National Crossword Puzzlers, Box 34, Station Y., Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A.

No Mean City

THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT has appeared in the *Glasgow Citizen*: "Wanted, four powerful men, ex-Commandos preferred, as cinema attendants. Hours, 4.30 p.m. to 10.30 p.m., five nights per week; wages, 24s. 3d. per week."—ROBERT FORSYTH, 3, Bower Street, Glasgow, W.2.

He Bought a Bridge

WITH MY UNIT in Italy I was busy helping to dismantle Bailey bridges. We came across one over a stream on some farmland off the beaten track. Just as

"He flourished a receipt"

we were getting to work the farmer arrived and protested indignantly that he had bought the bridge. He flourished a receipt. Some enterprising gentleman had done a good deal.—L/CPL. G. E. HALL, C.M.F. (address enclosed).

Club for Desert Rats

THE 7TH ARMOURED DIVISION has run Jerboa Clubs for the recreation of our men in any suitable, and many unsuitable, buildings during the long advance from Alamein to Berlin. The last of these clubs was recently opened in Berlin.

Now we want to have one in London, so that old Desert Rats of all ranks can meet and talk over their war time adventures. A considerable sum will be required to launch this London club, and I feel that many will want to subscribe.

All subscriptions should be sent to D.A.A.G., H.Q., 7th Armoured Division, B.A.O.R. I should like to hear from any old Desert Rats who would like to join the club, and from any in the London area who would be prepared to serve on the committee.—L. A. LYNE, Major-General, Commander 7th Armoured Division.

[Guinea for this letter sent to Jerboa Club funds.—EDITOR.]

Tooth Takes Root

ONE OF YOUR CONTRIBUTORS, Clifford Troke, says (JOHN BULL, August 25) that within the last few months teeth have been extracted, examined, and, with the aid of penicillin, induced to take root again. Mr. Troke and some of your readers may be interested in my experience.

Fourteen years ago, when I was twelve, I had one of my front top teeth knocked completely out by a cricket ball. I had the tooth in my hand but a schoolteacher quickly pushed it back into the socket. It still looks perfect to-day, though there is some sign of decay.—PTE. F. O., 85, Evered Avenue, Liverpool 9.

Room on the Roads

WHAT'S THIS LITTLE POSTER I see in buses all over the country?—"We are trying to get you a wider seat.—British Buses." Presumably it's something to do with the suggested increase in the maximum width of road vehicles.

It sounds all right, but, before it gets

"... to squeeze in another fare"

too far, suppose we remind the vested interests that this should really mean wider seats for the same number of passengers, and not an extra few inches so as to squeeze in another fare? I've got a nasty feeling that's what it will come to.—H. S., Church Street, Bawtry, Yorks.

That's the Snuff

THE LETTER FROM a tobacconist (JOHN BULL, September 15) interested me, as I have taken snuff for thirty years and am quite indifferent to the cigarette

"What do you think I brought you for? Don't just stand there. Go and get it!"

"... they are full of compliments"

shortage. Your correspondent says he has introduced several of his customers to snuff. I hope he was careful to give them an idea of the enormous choice that is available.

Most people take anything that's offered—frequently with a strong menthol flavour—and naturally don't think much of snuff thereafter. Let them experiment with the countless delicious blends in existence. When I offer some of my favourite brand to friends they are full of compliments.—A. JOHNS, Riding House Street, W.1.

They're Wonderful

MY MOTHER was knocked down by a car when she was on a visit twelve miles from her home in London. She was taken to hospital with concussion and the police could find no papers to identify her. But they found a bus ticket and a tram ticket.

By studying the punch marks they found where she started her journey. While she was delirious my mother kept repeating the number of her house. With those facts to go on, the police got in touch with us within seven hours When I say I think the police are wonderful, I mean it.—T. J. LORRELL, Uplands Estate, Purfleet, Essex.

Speaking Freely

I HAVE READ JOHN BULL for years, and can tell you that I enjoy "Free Speech" better than anything I have seen in the paper since I first took it. Keep it going. It's the only place where we can say what we think It's not a complaining ground but a source of information, and a grand one at that. I disagree entirely with S Jamison's criticisms of the page (JOHN BULL, August 18).—H J. PARRY, 44, Gough Road, Ystalyfera, Swansea, Glamorgan

WITH ALL RESPECT to your fine contributors, I must confess that the "Free Speech" page has now become my first choice in JOHN BULL I find the selection of ideas of everyday people generally make more interesting and less ponderous reading than the uplifting contributions of tried journalists and learned sages. — L. HARRIS, 16, Annette Street, Glasgow, S.2.

WHEN YOU FIRST DECIDED to open a page headed "Free Speech," I, like many others, hoped it would become a forum for serious discussion Week after week I scanned the page for some serious contribution. Instead I find it filled by people with some petty complaint about beer, clothes, queues, or mothers-in-law. Can't you start the post-war period with something constructive?—J. O. BARTON, 66, Coalway Road, Wolverhampton.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech" One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

JOHN BULL Short Story

by CARTWRIGHT TIMMS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CAMERON

Joe wasn't noticeably a bright lad, but he knew all about cars. His thoroughness and common sense put him among the small band of ordinary people who outwit even the most astute criminals

QUIET Night!

Mr. Spargo groped in his pocket. "Here's the car's log-book and my driving licence," he said

THE LIGHTS FROM THE GARAGE made a bright patch in the darkness of the main road. Joe Davitt stood on the footpath smoking a cigarette and staring along the road to where twinkling lights gleamed from the big town two miles away. At last he flicked the stub of his cigarette into the road and turned back into the light and warmth of the garage.

Things were quiet. Two lorries had looked in soon after ten, but nothing at all for the last hour. A bit different from the time before VE-Day, when lorries were rolling through the blackout all night long

Joe went into the little office and, sitting down, unwrapped a parcel of sandwiches. But before he took a bite he heard the sound of footsteps. A tall thin man wearing a long overcoat came into the garage. His hat was pulled over his eyes and his collar turned up, but Joe could see a pair of cold eyes looking at him appraisingly.

"I wonder where you've sprung from?" Joe thought, for he had heard no sound of a car pulling up.

Aloud he said, pushing his food aside, "Good evening, sir."

"Evening," said the stranger. "I've come to collect ZXY24A."

Joe chuckled.

"The guv'nor wondered when that was going to be fetched."

"You don't own this place——"

"Not me," Joe shook his head. "I'm the night attendant. Mr. Brett owns this joint."

"Never mind. I want the car."

Joe leisurely swung round on his stool.

"Wait a minute, sir. You ain't the gent what brought the car in. I remember him—came in about midnight—little tubby chap with a queer name—now what was it?"

He licked an oily thumb and turned over the pages of a notebook.

"Here it is—just three months and a week ago—name of Spargo—I knew it was a funny name——"

"Look here," said the thin man. "My name is Spargo, too. The car belongs to my cousin and he wants me to fetch it. How much is the charge?"

"It's about time, too," Joe remarked. "The guv'nor threatened to sell it—not that it would fetch much even now—proper old crock——"

"I'm in a hurry," snapped Spargo. "Get me that car."

"If I was sure it was your car," Joe said slowly. "It was a little tubby chap—seemed in a hurry——"

Mr. Spargo groped in his pocket.

"Here's the car's log-book—and my driving licence—and my identity card. Now are you satisfied?"

"It looks all right, sir," agreed Joe. "I'll get it. You'll have to wait a minute or two, though. It's over in the far corner and there's a lot of other cars in front."

"All right," Spargo said curtly, "only hurry."

He pulled out a cigarette case and opened it.

"Excuse me, sir," put in Joe, "but if you want to smoke you'll have to go outside. Too dangerous in here."

"I'll wait outside," grated Spargo, "but hurry—hurry."

The thin man went out into the road and lit a cigarette. From the garage came the sound of cars, the grinding of brakes. Spargo smoked impatiently.

When his first cigarette was smoked, he lit another from the glowing tip of the old one. Still no sign of Joe and the car. The thin man was on the point of marching angrily back into the garage when Joe appeared at the wheel of ZXY24A.

Mr. Spargo looked at the ramshackle vehicle in disgust.

"It's taken you long enough," he grunted.

"Sorry, sir. Had to move about ten cars to get at it."

"It's worse than I thought." Spargo ignored Joe's apologies. "Is there any petrol in the tank?"

"'Bout a gallon—going far, sir?"

"Only into town. How much do I owe you?"

JOE TOLD HIM. Mr. Spargo pulled a roll of notes from his pocket, settled the account, then jumped into the car. A moment later the car ran noisily into the darkness in the direction of the town. Joe looked after it, scratching his head thoughtfully. Then he went back into the garage.

Ten minutes later he was in his little office picking up the telephone with hands that trembled with excitement.

"Hello, operator. Get me the police—quickly—the police."

It was about eight o'clock when Mr. Brett arrived at his garage next morning. Joe Davitt was washing his greasy hands in a bucket of water when his employer walked in.

"Morning, Joe."

"Morning, Mr. Brett."

"Much doing in the night?"

"Oh, just so-so." Joe carefully dried his hands on an old towel. "A few lorries looked in, and a couple of private cars. I wonder who these chaps are, driving cars alone in the early hours of the morning. Oh, and a murderer called in just after eleven."

"Don't be funny, Joe," said Mr. Brett crossly. "Save it for the Red Lion."

"It's true, guv'nor. A chap came in just after eleven for that ZXY24A."

"Good. I've been wondering when we should get rid of that."

"Only, you see, it wasn't the same chap as brought it in. A little tubby chap brought that car in—named Spargo. And when this thin bloke came last night—it sort of set me thinking."

"You think too much," snapped Mr. Brett. "What's all this rubbish about a murder?"

"WELL, GUV'NOR, I didn't like the look of this thin chap. He seemed a bit too impatient—sort of jumpy, if you see my meaning. So instead of giving him ZXY24A, I gave him that old Morstin Seven."

Mr. Brett jumped.

"What the ——? That old thing! Why, it's only fit for the scrap heap. How far did you expect him to get on that?"

Joe gave a slow grin.

"I knew he wouldn't get far. As it happened, he got about a mile—just half way to town. But what struck me as funny was that this thin chap hadn't any idea what sort of a car ZXY24A was. He didn't even know it wasn't a Morstin Seven."

Mr. Brett was beginning to get interested in spite of himself.

"Well, go on. What happened?"

"As soon as this thin chap had drove off, I came back in here and began to look a bit more closely at ZXY24A. In fact, I had a proper search. At last I found a hole in the back of the driving seat, and when I poked my hand in I found a little paper parcel. I pulled it out and opened it—and what do you think was inside?"

"Well, what was inside?" demanded Mr. Brett.

Joe paused impressively.

"A diamond necklace," he answered. "A real diamond necklace. I don't know much about diamonds, but I could tell this one was a beauty. So I got on the blower and gets on to the police. In next to no time along comes the coppers—the foreman was with them—a bloke called Inspector Wilmot.

"When he clapped his eyes on them diamonds I thought he'd have a fit. So he sent the other chaps in the car to pick up the thin bloke. They found him down the road, not far from where the Morstin Seven had conked out."

"Well, go on," said Mr. Brett. "What happened then?"

"Inspector Wilmot told me the rest," went on Joe. "It appears that this thin bloke was really named Spargo and really was a cousin to the little fat one. They were jewel thieves in a big way. Well, just over three months ago they pinched this here necklace in London. Finding things a bit too hot they decided to separate and meet in Glasgow.

"But the tubby one couldn't bear to part with them diamonds, so one night when his cousin was asleep, he creeps out with the jewels and puts his skates on. He buys a second-hand car—ZXY24A—and away he goes. When the thin one finds he's been done, he gets a bit annoyed and begins looking for his cousin. So Tubby, what with the police and his cousin looking for him, begins to feel a bit unhappy. So he hides the jewels in the car, leaves the car with us and hops it."

Mr. Brett nodded. He really couldn't find words.

"AT LAST the thin chap finds his cousin. They have a bit of an argument and Tubby gets bumped off. Shot right between the eyes, the Inspector says. But no necklace. All the thin chap can find is the log-book to a car. So he sets out to trace the car, and last night he found it—right here. And that's about all, guvnor, except that Inspector Wilmot says I'll get a nice reward for recovering the diamonds."

Mr. Brett scratched his head.

"Well, I'm—— What I can't understand is this. When you gave that bloke the wrong car, didn't he look at the number plate?"

Joe put on his coat and prepared to go home.

"The number plate! Oh, I changed that," he said.

Thrill of the Speedway Makes a Come-back

by a Speedway Correspondent

Dispatch-riders coming back from the Services are eager to put their war time training and experience to the test on peace time dirt tracks. The money's good, but the risk of injury is great, making a thrill for rider and spectator

THE ROAR OF THE EXHAUST as powerful bikes tear round the cindered track. . . . The gasps of the crowd as riders are unseated and hurtle like thunderbolts against the safety fence. . . . The wheel-to-wheel struggle for supremacy as aces, risking disaster at every bend, demand that little extra from their machines. . . .

That's the thrill of the speedway—a thrill that will appeal especially to men in the Services, particularly those who have been dispatch-riders.

It is from these, indeed, that the cream of future Speedway figures will probably come. Wembley have already received several hundred letters from Servicemen anxious to take up a Speedway career, and to afford such men a chance of showing their worth Wembley have rented a small track outside London where they are given an opportunity to "go through their paces." Several of them have appeared to advantage in this test.

Record Crowds Waiting

Speedway had a great and growing following in 1939, and now this vast body of supporters, who had only a meeting here and there to stimulate their enthusiasm during the war, are looking forward to better racing than ever when League and Cup competitions are resumed next May.

Record crowds, I feel certain, will turn up in London, Manchester, Bradford, Sheffield, and other centres where the sport thrives.

Great stars of yesterday, such as Eric Langton and Frank Varey, are to-day employed on the administrative side, and with well-known promoters like Fred Mockford and Johnny Hoskins bringing to it their great enthusiasm and experience, Speedway will resume with a considerable advantage over many other sports.

One of the greatest worries at the moment is the problem of riders. There is a shortage of first-class Speedway talent. Motor-cyclists, I know, are not in short supply, but it does not follow that a man will prove first-class on the Speedway because he can ride a motor-bike well.

Top Form Every Day

Temperament plays a big part, as well as iron nerve. Fred Mockford, that ace of promoters, who brought back Speedway racing to London this year at New Cross Stadium, must have given encouragement to about 5,000 riders since 1928. Only some 5 per cent.—perhaps even fewer—have shown themselves of Speedway class.

This clearly indicates that there is more in "dirt track racing" than merely flying round a track, and explains why we look hopefully to ex-dispatch-riders.

The financial return attracts large numbers of speed-crazy young men. Before the war a star rider could earn up to £1,800 during a season which started at Easter and finished in September. But never forget that it is a hard life, which asks the best of a man not once, but all the time. One mistake, and he may be out of action for months.

Frank Varey, now associated with the Sheffield track, is a typical example of the "gentleman rider" whom the crowd loved.

Frank, a real Lancashire lad, has a great sense of humour, a gallantry unsurpassed by any other rider, and a devotion to his job that became traditional.

He did as much as any man to popularise the sport. Never shall I forget seeing him ride for England against Australia at Stamford Bridge one summer evening in the 'thirties.

Early in the match Varey shot off his machine, hurtled across the track, and was hit by another bike. He was carried off, and rumour went round that he was dead.

Stars Can be Made

Breathlessly, everybody waited for an official announcement—and then the crowd began to cheer. Frank Varey, the man who had "come back from the dead," was in the pits once more. And his presence in the England team seemed to give them a new vigour, for in the last race of the day Australia was beaten and the "Ashes" were won.

Frank Varey, now on the administrative side of the Sheffield track, did as much as any man to popularise the sport

It has been suggested that many football grounds in this country might be turned over to Speedway racing, as was Stamford Bridge. Johnny Hoskins apparently thinks the idea worth while, for he has opened a track on the ground of Bradford Rugby F.C., and I have no doubt that other promoters will follow suit when labour becomes available.

"But what about the lack of stars?"

This is a question often asked to-day, and when I discussed the matter with Fred Mockford he put forward an idea that sounds practical and very fair. He suggests that a pool of 1939 riders, men of rich experience, might be built up, and each track be allotted two of them. These could develop the rest of the team from the youthful talent available. Everyone to whom I have mentioned this proposal thinks it first-rate

Speedway racing is in for its biggest boom. The sport is fortunate in having many keen and talented men all out to see that it makes the best use of the wonderful opportunity facing it.

"Boastful Pretenders to Medical Skill"

WM. J. GAGE gives a warning against unqualified men who attract the sick by false hopes of certain "cures"

PROFESSORS WITH SPECIALISED knowledge of the meanings and definitions of the English language should know what they are talking about.

I have recently consulted a number about the actual meaning of that much-used expression "Quack."

"*To doctor by quackery,*" says one.

"*A boastful pretender to medical skill which he does not possess,*" says another.

From all the information in the large file before me I go a step further—and say, briefly, if I may, that a medical "quack" is a greedy and unqualified person who claims to be able to cure poor sufferers who have found it absolutely impossible to get relief elsewhere, no matter what the fee or however rigid the conditions.

Touring "eye specialists"; men who say they can cure anything from lumbago to toothache; adventurers who exploit rheumatic cases turned away by hospitals, and, above all, patients who have been informed by private doctors and hospital officials alike that they are more or less incurable. This is the field of the quack.

On the list before me there are more than eighty men and women who declare themselves able to perform miracles in cases where ordinary but *qualified* men have failed

But, bad as most of them are, by far the worst of all are those cruel, unskilled people who profess to treat *cancer* cases that have been discharged by hospital doctors—and even specialists—as incurable. An inquest was recently held at Walthamstow (London) on a man named Walter Gervase Harrison.

This unhappy man, who was only fifty, had suffered for years from that awful scourge, cancer.

The treatment provided by ordinary medical men proved of little avail, and relatives—acting, as they thought, in his best interests—obtained a consultation for him with a most remarkable personage named David Rees Evans, of Finchley Road, Hampstead, London.

Around him Mr. Evans seemed to have all the necessary paraphernalia to carry out his miraculous claims . . . lamps, compresses, and other impressive equipment.

Mr. Evans, after a lengthy survey, decided that he must pay regular visits to the patient's home. He did so, three times a week, and charged ten guineas for every call.

ALTHOUGH DOCTORS, with all their real qualifications and medical skill, had found it impossible to effect a cure, David Rees Evans held out hopes that, under his exclusive treatment, Harrison would be fit and well again within six months.

Harrison's relatives were so overjoyed that they at once agreed to find the heavy fees between them. Evans intimated that the total amount of his charges, in six months, would amount to several hundred pounds

The sequel was tragic. Harrison—despite all David Rees Evans' endeavours—died.

His relatives have paid Rees nearly £300 for what can only be described as a worthless treatment.

Who is this "healer" Evans?

Self-styled cancer healer, he has no qualifications that are recognised by the General Medical Council, has never matriculated anywhere, and possesses no degrees in medicine!

Yet he is permitted, by our medical laws as they stand to-day, to "treat" dying patients in this outrageous fashion!

It would be bad enough if the case of Walter Gervase Harrison were an isolated one. Unfortunately, it most certainly isn't.

THE MEDICAL DEFENCE UNION, an investigating body affiliated to the General Medical Council, has received complaints about his "treatment" of cases which doctors have given up as "lost."

In one case, when an inquest was held upon a woman who died under his care, a famous specialist gave evidence to the effect that the mixture given to her by Rees Evans was "a mysterious unknown brown fluid." It was, in the opinion of this specialist, useless.

Why *do* our legislators permit this sort of dangerous quackery to go on? It mostly means big fees for the quacks who are permitted to carry on unhindered.

Within a period of a few months only there have been about forty cases under official review where other quacks, some with convictions for fraud, have been operating widely and without any restraint.

Surely it is time the law was altered?

Headline Set Him Up

GLANCING at a newspaper's headlines the other day, 61-year-old ledger clerk A. Saunders, 60, Wise Road, London, E., spotted one about the many young M.P.s now in the House. "A good thing," he thought. "And it's good, too, for there to be children in the home." Later, when he turned to *Bullets*, it was only the work of a moment for him to combine those ideas in the neat effort, Healthy Sign—"Youngsters" In The "House."

A £100 cheque and free Holiday rewarded "Bulleteer" Saunders for heading our 1,491st prize-list. Enter some apt comments linked with *Examples* from the list below and yours may well be this week's £200 cash and Celebration Week-end!

Result 1,493 — First Prize £200 and Radio

MISS M. BOYD, 67, GOULD ST., AYR.
MIGHTY ATOM
FRONT PAGE—"NEW LEAF"?

£20 plus Souvenir Pen :
Mrs. N. Curry, 141, Springfield Road, Kearsley, Lancs.
Scared Stiff — But Stiffening — *That's* Courage!

£10 plus Souvenir Pen :
T. A. Latham, 83, Hanover St., Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.
To Get More Coal—"Look To" The Miners!

3 of £5 :
Mrs. E. Brown, 27, Glyn Rd., Birmingham.
Due To Britain—"Credit" *For Needing Dollars.*
H. Fieth, 186, Woodcote Rd., Caversham, Reading.
Scared Stiff—Hirohito, Explaining To Ancestors!
T. Royle, 187, Okehampton Crescent, Welling, Kent.
Mighty Atom — Curbing Mankind's "Explosive" Nature?

3 of £2 :
F. W. H. Jenkins, 20, Gilbert Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19.
On The Menu—"Chicken"—"Ham"—"Champagne"—*Cobwebs!*
B. Mace, 17, Roslyn Road, Adswood, Stockport.
When Mother-in-Law Starts—"*Don'ts*" Fence Me In!
Mrs. E. Pollitt, 3, School Road, Hale, Cheshire.
Every Little Shadow—Feared? You Need Sunshine!

3 of £1 :
E. M. Brown, 17, Burdett St., Liverpool
Due To Foreman's—"Iron Lungs," "Paralysis" Averted!
Mrs. Chatfield, 93, Valley View Road, Rochester.
To Get More Coal—Make These Mines "Magnetic"!
J. A. Green, 49, Sale Lane, Tyldesley, Manchester.
When Worry Starts—"Eating" You, "Serve"—Others!

A list of 25 winners of £1 and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted. Additional £25 Bonus, as offered, shared by 19 winners of £1 and over.

TWO £50 CHEQUES WON IN XWORD 445. WINNING WORDS : 1. Lines. 2. Honey. 3. Tasks. 4. Thief 5. Mug. 6. Man. 7. Drab. 8. Patents. 9. Wase. 10. Battle. 11. Rob. 12. Louse. 13. Kare 14. Lore.
£100 SHARERS :—C. L. Howes, 33, Woodhall Crescent, Hornchurch, Essex; J. G. Kline, 2, Barossa Place, Perth.
Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 14 entrants.

TRIPLE RADIO OFFER!

£200 1st PRIZE PLUS RADIO
£20 Second Prize Plus RADIO
£10 Third Prize Plus RADIO
5 of £5, 5 of £4, 50 of 10s.
200 of 2s.6d. & 1,500 MERIT AWARDS

GET THE £500 "BULLETIN"! For special £500 issue Oct. 13, enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with your entry.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

IN BRITAIN'S FACTORIES
RACE FOR PROSPERITY
LIBERTY'S SUNSHINE
BUILDER BEVAN
GREAT ADVENTURE
PRICELESS
TO ECONOMISE
MAKING A HOME
ONE OF THE BEST
PACKET OF FAGS
FADING AWAY
WE DON'T LIKE IT, BUT
NO LONGER MATTERS
SEALED HIS FATE
HERE AND THERE
RUBBING IT IN
SOMETHING SNAPPED AND
OUT OF THE PAST
AUNTIE'S HERO
HE'S A BACHELOR, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

GIVEN THE.....
AGE OF.....
..... FRIENDS
USED TO.....
HAVING A .....
TURNED ..... HEAD

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—An entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Oct. 20, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,497, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed.....
Address .....
.....

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 Bullets you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,497
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, Oct. 1.

For £50 "BULLETIN" (OCT. 13), ENCLOSE 2½d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENV.

write to JOHN BULL about it

Jealousy Causes Unnecessary Misery

Ground-work for a political job. A father's happiness should be considered. Generous action worries a soldier. When agricultural workers can move freely.

"I AM IN THE R.A.F. A few weeks ago a pal of mine asked me to write a letter for him to his girl friend, as he is no good at writing. He gave me two of her letters to read, but I put them in my pocket and forgot to return them. That week-end I went home on leave, and when my wife was looking in my pocket for a cigarette she found the letters. She would not believe that they were not sent to me, as, by an unfortunate chance, my friend's Christian name is the same as mine, and the letters were not in envelopes.

"Now she accuses me of being unfaithful. She won't speak to me or write to me. I love my wife and no one will ever take her place. I have been happier during the years of my married life than I have ever been. If she finishes with me now I shall have nothing to live for."

All this unhappiness seems to spring from jealousy helped by the coincidence of Christian names. However, I think you can easily convince your wife that her accusations are untrue.

Tell your friend what has happened and get him to write to your wife explaining his part in it all. Let him do this entirely on his own even if he is, as you say, "no good at writing." Tell him also to give your wife his girl's address, and suggest that she herself writes to the girl for confirmation.

Don't let yourself be led into treating your wife in the same way as she is treating you. Keep writing to her even if she does not reply. At all costs you must make her realise that your love continues, and assure her of your faith and loyalty.

"WOMEN ARE SUPPOSED not to care much about politics, but I am very interested and would like to have a job which will bring me into contact with the subject. I intend going to evening classes, and should like your advice on which subjects to study. Also, what sort of a job can you suggest?"

Economics, sociology and modern history are the subjects to give you a good grounding in the matters which are most necessary for an insight into politics.

I suggest that you might get a job as a typist or secretary with one of the many political groups or organisations. Such jobs are frequently advertised in the columns of the political weekly papers and magazines. From such a start you could look forward to moving into an organising position when you had had more experience.

With this basis you might be fortunate enough to become a secretary to a Member of Parliament. You might eventually stand for election as a parliamentary candidate yourelf. Why not?

"I AM THE ELDEST SON of the family. My mother died recently, and shortly afterwards my brother suggested that he and his wife should move into the house to look after my father. Other members of the family are against this, saying it will only cause trouble and will be bad for my father because my brother's wife is rather overbearing.

"If I agree to let my brother and his wife move in that will cause endless quarrels in the family. I have thought of suggesting that my father should leave the house and come to live with my wife and myself."

One naturally looks to the eldest son to take the initiative in settling family affairs, but every member has a right to be heard.

You tell me that your father is easy-going by nature, but surely your father should have the last word? Find out what he would like best—to stay where he is on his own, to live with you, or to let your sister-in-law look after him.

I sympathise with your desire to avoid family squabbles, but your father's happiness must be the deciding factor.

"WHEN I WAS in Burma my father was killed and my mother died, leaving me without a home. My savings went to help my mother, and I am now penniless.

"I am engaged and want to be married soon. But my girl thinks I have money saved while I was abroad. She wants a fairly elaborate wedding and also wants me to wear civilian clothes. She has waited years for me and I can't bear to hurt her by telling her that I can't afford any of these things."

The only thing to do is to face up to it, be frank with your girl and explain your position. She is bound to find out the truth sooner or later, and it would be a bad mistake to wait until after you are married. You are not to blame for having no money—your savings went in the unselfish and praiseworthy act of helping your mother before she died.

Your girl can have the wedding she chooses because the cost of the reception and such "extras" is always paid by the bride's parents and will not fall on you. The legal expenses, which are your affair, are trifling.

I gather that you are due to be demobilised shortly. That will solve the problem of civilian clothes—the Army will provide them. I suggest that for a little time you should both work so that you can get on your feet. If you take a training course on leaving the Army, you will get a sufficient allowance (see letter on this page) to help you to carry on while you are getting a home together.

DOUBLED XWORD CASH £100

£100 FIRST PRIZE. Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Today it isn't so easy for women to be this—FL□SHY. 2. If a man has to fight for this, it's a hard battle as a rule—□IGHT. 3. May do something to clear the air—F□N. 4. The opinions of old folk are apt to be this—DE□IDED. 5. Teacher expects this from children when they are writing essay—□USH. 6. Commonly ends with breese of some kind—GA□E. 7. Many people find it interesting the first time they do this—□LY. 8. May well be the cause of echoing sounds—V□LLEY. 9. Helps many a person to husband his resources—RE□T. 10. There are some who like these to be sad—□AKES. 11. Speaking in this fashion may occasionally be very effective—LO□DLY. 12. Old-time ones seem ridiculous to us moderns—□ATHS. 13. Party going to parliamentary polls needs clear policy regarding—A□MS. 14. Inaccuracy can easily creep into certain kind of—□ABLE.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Oct. 13 with £50 FREE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing Postmark—**MONDAY, Oct. 1.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 449, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Civil Defence Credits

E. J., Bradford: Civil Defence post-war credits due in respect of whole-time paid service since January 1, 1942, will be paid through a Savings Bank account at the same time and in the same way as war gratuities. No application need be made. Those who are eligible will receive in due course from the council or other authority with which they were employed an entitlement form to be completed. It will take some considerable time to make all payments. If you have changed your permanent address since leaving the service you should notify the change by post-card to the authority with which you were last employed, stating the service in which you were employed, the place of employment, the date of termination thereof, the address at which you resided when you left the service, and your new address.

G. W., Lincoln: Agricultural employment is excepted from the Control of Engagement Order, 1945, and, unless your employment is scheduled under the Essential Work Order, or you were directed to it by the Ministry of Labour and National Service, you can leave without obtaining permission from the Ministry. There is no need to obtain other employment through the Employment Exchange.

N. R., Kilmarnock: The War Savings Campaign opened on November 22, 1939. The total of small savings raised between that date and August 14, 1945, was £3,651,869,779.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

RIZLA News Bulletin

Cigarette Papers Still a bit scarce owing to war-time difficulties.

Cigarette Machines RECONDITION your old machine with a new band, price 1d. from most tobacconists.

Filter Tips NO SHORTAGE AT PRESENT. A packet of 100 saves enough tobacco to make 24 Cigarettes. Get some TO-DAY.

(Retailers, ask your Wholesalers for supplies.)

The easiest shave is a BRUSHLESS

Brylshave

It is the slickest, and the smoothest. It seems to add 10% to the keenness of your blade which lasts more good shaves too. As good for shaving as Brylcreem is good for your Hair.

IN JARS 1/9 (Including Purchase Tax)

Made by the makers of BRYLCREEM.

A peep into the future

EKCO TELEVISION

Give your teeth a shine with Gibbs DENTIFRICE

Price U.K. only 7½d

REFILLS 7d and 11½d *(including Purchase Tax)*

W. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4

GD 2434

Had to get off crowded trams and buses

"My nerves have been very bad, and I dreaded every night coming, as I simply couldn't sleep, and after tossing through the night got up every morning feeling depressed. I several times had to get off crowded trams and buses. My husband advised me to give Phosferine a trial, and after taking two 3/3d sizes I am a different person, and feel life is really worth while living."

(Signed) Mrs. A. M., Bradford.

Phosferine has averted many a threatened breakdown by its marvellous action in promoting refreshing sleep and its general tonic effect. When you feel you are losing grip you will find Phosferine a dependable stand-by.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & 3/3 (No. 2 size) *(Including Purchase Tax)*

2 Tablets equal 10 drops

PHOSFERINE

BRITISH WINES WITH A NAME YOU KNOW "BEHIND" THEM

For over 50 years the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality. When purchasing Whiteway's Port-Style Wines and British Sherry you can be sure that, from the time the Grapes are gathered in the Vineyards of the "Sunny South" until the Wine has reached the final stage of blending and maturing at our Winery in "Glorious Devon," the greatest care has been taken in every process of production.

The "Whiteway" Brand British Wines are sold under the Certificate of the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.

Think in STEAD

They last longer

Your Dog's Health!

Don't neglect the health of your dog. A regular dose of George Bell's Blood Salts is the up-to-date way of keeping him fit. George Bell's Blood Salts provide the extra Vitamin B, which dogs need. They act as a blood tonic and prevent eczema, skin eruptions, scratching and itching, loss of appetite, sluggishness, constipation, etc. In packets of 10 for 7d., from Chemists and Pet Shops everywhere.

Buy a packet to-day while it's on your mind.

★ If unable to obtain, send P.O. for 2/6 direct to Bell & Sons, Ltd., Veterinary Chemists, Liverpool, 13, for LARGE post-free packet of FIFTY Powders.

GEORGE BELL'S BLOOD SALTS for Dogs

★ VITAMIN B, ADDED

VANISHED WITHOUT TRACE

This is what happens to stains and spots, dust and grime if you clean your clothes and household furnishings with Beaucaire. This amazing dry cleaner keeps everything as fresh and smart as new. Beaucaire will not harm delicate fabrics or alter the colour—in fact, it restores the colour and brings out the pattern.

You can use Beaucaire anywhere because it leaves no odour and is guaranteed non-inflammable. Full instructions with every bottle. All stores, drapers and chemists sell Beaucaire and recommend it. If any difficulty please write to address below.

Beaucaire

Dry Cleaning Fluid

1/-, 2/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE

Beaucaire Laboratories, Vauxhall Grove, London, S.W.8.

Sleep, Baby, Sleep

...and grow
...and thrive
...and gain!

A baby must have long hours of restful, unbroken sleep if he is to grow into a sturdy, healthy child. For this reason mothers see to it that stomach upsets are corrected at once. A small dose of "Milk of Magnesia" quickly soothes baby when fretful or upset and paves the way to undisturbed sleep. Keep 'Milk of Magnesia' in the medicine cabinet *always*.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

"Milk of Magnesia" is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

FACE RASH DISAPPEARS

Chester man states

I had a serious rash on my face for about six weeks. I went to several doctors but could not get properly cured. I was reading your advert. one day in the Burton-on-Trent local paper about "VALDERMA" so I got a 2/- jar and I might mention that within a week the rash had gone.

I shall always use "VALDERMA" after shaving in future, also recommend same to others. You are at liberty to use this letter any time. E.O.

Approved by Specialists

SERIOUS SKIN DISEASES — Eczema, Dermatitis, Rashes, Spots and Pimples yield quickly to Valderma's special healing powers; that's why Skin Specialists recommend it.

MOST SKIN TROUBLES are due to more than one type of germ; Valderma contains two powerful yet soothing antiseptics, each deadly to different types of bacteria.

SCIENTIFIC SKIN HEALING RESEARCH has proved that because Valderma is an oil-in-water emulsion, it allows the antiseptics to get swiftly to the root of the trouble and pus can escape through it, thus preventing reinfection.

SOOTHING TO THE SKIN — creamy, yet non-greasy, white, almost invisible in use — Valderma doesn't stain linen and is easy to wash off. See for yourself how your skin trouble will clear up, often in only a few days.

Good for cuts and abrasions too! Get a 2/- jar to-day. Double size 3/6d., including Tax.

VALDERMA

TWO-IN-ONE ANTISEPTIC BALM

FOOD (MF) FACTS

No. 7 IN A SPECIAL SERIES

Another way of making the most of Meat

BRAISING THE SUNDAY JOINT

LAST WEEK, in this "Making the most of" series, we told how to slow-roast meat. This week, we give another economical way of cooking meat — braising.

Braising is one of the most delicious ways of cooking meat. The meat is placed in a pan on top of a bed of vegetables, with a very little stock; then, with the lid on, it is left to cook very slowly.

Improves flavour of cheaper cuts

The meat is sure to be tender, and you get a lovely flavour from the vegetables that are cooked with it.

Braising is specially suitable for one of the cheaper joints, whether of beef, lamb, pork or veal.

The braising method — long, slow cooking in a covered saucepan — ensures that the meat is tender

How to braise meat

You will require a large covered saucepan. Prepare enough vegetables to make a layer about two inches deep on bottom of pan. Suitable vegetables are onions, carrots, turnips, celery, peas, tomatoes, swedes and parsnips. They can be cut small or sliced.

Next, trim off all surplus fat from meat. (This can be rendered down for dripping later.) Now you're ready to start.

Heat enough fat to cover bottom of pan, and when very hot, fry meat on all sides until brown.

Lift out the meat and fry the vegetables lightly. Drain off all surplus fat, then season the vegetables. Add about one inch of stock or water (not enough to cover the vegetables) and place the meat on top of the vegetables.

Put the lid on and cook very slowly till the meat is tender. Allow about three-quarters of an hour for chops and small pieces of meat; for joints, allow 40 to 45 minutes to the pound. When serving, lift the meat on to a dish and carve. Then serve with vegetables and gravy round it.

Braising in the oven

Meat can also be braised in the oven, in a covered casserole. Brown the meat, then vegetables, as described above, but use a frying-pan for this, then transfer to the casserole, following method as described for braising in a saucepan. Cook for the same length of time.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.I. 270

If mornings find you sluggish, hard to wake, there's a simple remedy: it's just this —
— every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

A Happy Conclusion

A test well met . . . a job well done. For smokers the verdict is always the same —

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

N.C.I 550

'We ask you to show your appreciation of our men . . . .'

H. R. Alexander
B. L. Montgomery
Arthur Longmore
Louis Mountbatten

This recent appeal on behalf of the Army Benevolent Fund by the four Commanders in the field has already received a generous response. Now that victory is ours will you send a Thanksgiving donation to FIELD-MARSHAL THE EARL OF CAVAN, 20, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1. ● Organisers of Victory Celebrations, Dances, Fetes, Sporting events, etc., are specially asked to donate the proceeds to the Fund.

ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND

PATRON H.M. THE KING

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

*LISTEN TO YOUR **WISER** SELF!*

Whenever you get that spending itch, listen to your wiser self. "Do you really *need* that?" she asks. "Wouldn't it be better to wait till there's more choice in the shops and keep on buying National Savings Certificates?"

BECAUSE

- Every 15/- Certificate earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.
- This increase is not subject to Income Tax.
- They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.
- Savings up keeps prices down.

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

THE LATHER DOES IT!

OXYDOL

THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP POWDER

3½d. size-1 coupon. 7d. size-2 coupons
A Class 1 Product.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

Nobody Writes to Me!

If nobody plays "postman's knock" with you, are you *sure* the reason isn't dingy teeth?

Use Colgate Dental Cream twice daily and be proud of your Colgate-clean teeth . . . brilliantly white teeth in a fresh and fragrant mouth — with that fascinating shine and sparkle which are so much admired.

Play Safe! use COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM *Twice a day*

1/1 *Including Tax*

Oh Joy! HEADACHE gone

My Word, They're Wonderful

It is glorious to be freed so soon from a 'splitting' muddle-minded headache. I am once again free to think, free to enjoy life. And my thanks are due entirely to Beecham's Powders. They act speedily because they are quickly absorbed. Beecham's Powders are also good for Nerve Pains, Rheumatic Twinges, Summer Colds and Chills.

Prices in Gt. Britain (Inc. Purchase Tax)
Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d. each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½d EACH

ACT LIKE MAGIC

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